ironically called FRESH AIR, considering it consisted mainly of smog reports and old farts, like the universally respected Dr. Ulysses S. Dogleish, gassing about his glorious career as the Liberal Humanist Mental Hygiene Registrar of Cartoon U.

Rube Goldberg was his protege. To think he could have prevented JOHNNY!

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Terrible heat and humidity among the things. Every morning Johnny had to unpack the doorway to get inside.

First he removed a large plastic urn and some smalls (an ugly clock face made from pebbles set in resin, two crudely turned brown and white marble candlesticks from Mexico, etc.) from a burl walnut hall table on top of a converted TV cabinet; subsequently, he removed the hall table and the TV cabinet, in that order.

His routine was determined by space, and by gravity.

Like everything, he considered.

It was like coring a rotten apple, or uncapping a constipated ass-hole. In the evening, the process was reversed....

Stuff it in! Cram it in!

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The radio on low. Lunatics milling around. A motor-cycle sputtering down Thing Street.

In the morning he went on his usual walk up Lansdowne, past the flops and No Frillies to Worthless World. They didn't have any interesting CDs, so he walked east a few blocks on Spoor, to the Bluecoats.

One of the ladies in a blue smock told him. That morning someone had donated his whole collection.

He saw where they'd got tired of trying to sort it in the bins, and instead had just poured it out onto the floor in heaps.

He looked through several piles. Lots of rock, but he wasn't buying any. He found a DVD about The Broadway Musical. With his senior's descount (10%), it cost less than $3.

Something a cheap old fart like him would buy....

So he did....

He walked back to Thing and Cock. Passed the beer store, the liquor store. The usual crowd, doing Springsteen impressions.

He emerged near the Library, the resort of homeless people everywhere. He picked up a book on stress that was on hold for him. Then he walked home.

He couldn't avoid it any longer: he wanted to kill Garrison Keillor.

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